

## Walter Winchell

### On Broadway

#### HOW TO WIN ENEMIES AND INFURIATE PEOPLE

(With a nod to Max Herzberg's "Insults" (Greystone Press) and a nod to me since some of it appeared here long ago, anyhow!)

When Senator Carter Glass was still a member of the House of Representatives he took up the cudgels for a rejected from Annapolis because all his teeth hadn't yet come through. Remonstrating with the then Republican Secretary of the Navy, Charles Francis Adams, Glass quipped sarcastically: "Do you expect him to have to bite the enemy?" "Well," replied Adams, "he might have to if you Democrats keep on cutting down our naval appropriations."

Charles G. Dawes, after serving as American Ambassador to Great Britain, groaned that American diplomacy is easy on the brain but hell on the feet. To which Henry Fletcher, a fellow ambassador, promptly retorted: "It depends on which you use."

At a recent literary tea in Hollywood, a famous scientist chatted exclusively with a beautiful but numb glamor girl. A femme writer, jealous because the scientist was ignoring her and devoting himself to the glamor girl, neomed: "I don't understand it. The only thing those two have in common is their difference in sex."

Stage magazine ran this curt review of "Amazons in No-Man's Land": "You can stay away any time because it is continuous."

Reviewing the movie, "Kiss the Boys Good-Bye," the N. Y. Times critic said: "In the film version of 'Kiss the Boys Good-Bye' the producers have kept the boys and kissed the script goodbye." Channing Pollock defined a critic as "a legless man who teaches running."

Charles Brackett once said that Alexander Woodcock never really liked anyone whose life story wouldn't make a good magazine article. "Harpo Marx described Woodcock as 'just a big creamer with a good sense of double-entry book-keeping'." Gypsy Rose Lee, informed that she had been placed second to Ann Sheridan in a college popularity contest, was asked what she thought of Sheridan. She replied enthusiastically, "I think he was a swell general."

When Sheridan Whiteside, the champ insulter of Warner's "The Man Who Came to Dinner," bawled out his nurse for not being around when he wants her. She protested: "I can only be in one place at a time." "That," snaps Whiteside, "is very fortunate for this community." When Whiteside's hostess discovers that he has lured away her cook and butler, she moans: "But, Mr. Whiteside, my cook and butler have been with me for ten years!" "I am commuting their sentence!" is his retort.

Demosthenes once told General Phocion: "The Athenians will kill you some day when they are mad!" "And you," retorted Phocion, a fast thinker, "when they are in their senses."

At a banquet of literarians, where Mark Twain was a guest, the conversation drifted to a discussion of the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy. One of the intellectuals who insisted that Bacon wrote the plays finally turned to Mark and asked him for his opinion. "I'll wait till I get to heaven and ask Shakespeare who did write his plays," Mark replied. "I don't think," said the intellectual pompously, "that you'll find Shakespeare in heaven." "Then

you ask him," was the squelch squeakant.

Victor Hugo, who was always knocking Goethe, once exclaimed to a group of friends: "Goethe never wrote anything worth reading except 'The Robbers'." "Somebody objected that 'The Robbers' had been written by Schiller." "And you see," shouted Hugo triumphantly, "even that is Schiller's!"

Some devastating thumbnail descriptions of Britain's leaders have been contributed by Lord Birkenhead, who complained that Sir John Simon, one of the pre-war appeasers, "has a smile like the brass plate on a coffin." Of Sir Samuel Hoare, he observed, "the trouble with Sam is that he is descended from a long line of maiden aunts." He described Neville Chamberlain as "an adequate mayor of Birmingham—in a lean year." Referring to G. B. Shaw, Israel Zangwill wrote, "The way Shaw believes in himself is very refreshing in these atheistic days when so many believe in no God at all."

Winston Churchill, besides being a great leader, is another thumbnail expert. Speaking of Ramsay MacDonald has the gift of compressing the largest amount of words into the smallest amount of thought. "And of Stanley Baldwin, Churchill said, 'Stanley occasionally stumbles over the truth, but he always hastily picks himself up and hurries on as if nothing had happened.'"

"Mussolini," epigrammed Leo Lania, "is a man possible only in a country that has no appreciation of real acting." It was Philip Cuedelia who said that one could hear in Sir James M. Barrie's writings "the rattling of the milk-cans of human kindness." A book by Ezra Pound, the expatriate who has become one of Il Stogee's stooges, provoked comment from Cuedelia: "These are a somewhat disjointed series of staccato remarks which leave one with the misleading impression that Mr. Pound's printer instead of to the laundry."

William Butler Yeats said of a fellow poet: "The worst thing about him is that when he is not drunk he is sober." Virginia Gayda, Mussolini's mouthpiece, was once summed up by Frank Sullivan in about the only newspaperman's knowledge of who can write the way a Peke barks. "H. L. Mencken referred to Herbert Hoover as 'a fat Coolidge'." When Jean Baptiste Rousseau published an ode, "This poem won't reach its destination," the late Alan Dale, reviewing Irvin S. Cobb's flop, "Punabashi," observed the only bright thing about the show was the electric sign over the door.

Leave it to Eleanor Roosevelt to squelch a boor (but graciously). Following a lecture at which Mrs. Roosevelt had invited the audience to ask questions, one woman queried: "Don't you think that the infantile paralysis from which your husband suffers has affected his mind?" "Yes, madame," she replied, "you are quite right in thinking that the President's affliction has strongly affected his mind. It has made him profoundly sympathetic to all suffering and pain."

#### WORLD WAR A YEAR AGO JAN. 9, 1941

(By United Press)

German planes bomb and sink Danish freighter and a British trawler and damage another.

British merchantman and tanker and Dutch freighter hit mines and sink.

Finn report a "breather" on all fronts.

## FRISBIE'S PIES

## MOHICAN JANUARY FOOD SALE

**SPECIALS FOR SATURDAY**

**GENUINE SPRING LAMB**

SMALL MEATY LEGS ..... lb 28¢

SHOULDER ROAST ..... lb 15¢

BEST RIB CHOPS ..... lb 29¢

**BEST RUMP VEAL ROAST** ..... lb 25¢

**CENTER CUT CHUCK ROAST** ..... lb 28¢

**FRESH SPLIT BROILERS** ..... ea 69¢

SMALL LEAN — Whole or Rib Half

**Pork Loin Roast lb 23¢**

MOHICAN MEADOWBROOK

**BUTTER**

2 lbs 83¢

Large Conn. Fresh E.G.G.S. doz 43¢

WHIPPED CREAM CAKES ..... ea 33¢

ASSORTED FRESH ROLLS ..... doz 16¢

FUDGE CHOCOLATE ECLAIRS ..... 6 for 23¢

Dinner Blend COFFEE ..... 3 lbs 57¢

Honey Flavor FIG BARS ..... 3 lbs 27¢

Vallejo Brand PEACHES ..... 2 cans 33¢

Royal Chief PEARS ..... 2 cans 25¢

Hershey COCOA ..... 1 lb 13¢

Large Size RINSO ..... 2 pkgs 43¢

Snider Vegetable JUICE ..... 3 cans 25¢

Blue Ribbon MALT ..... 3 can 53¢

Pure Clover HONEY ..... 2 jar 35¢

Mrs. Cross Noodle SOUP ..... 3 pks 27¢

#### SERIAL STORY

### TAMBAY GOLD

BY SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

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THE STORY: Mom Baumer, 10 years on the road with her trailer "Feederia," wrangles permission from Jane Ann Judson, last of the Mauries of run-down Tambay Plantation, to set up her lunch wagon there. Her first customer (by invitation) is a bearded professor from nearby Welliver U. who is digging for Indian relics at Tambay. Then she asks Jane Ann to supper.

#### Chapter III

"I'm not rightly open for trade yet," I told Jane Ann, watching her face to see how the grub was setting. "There won't be any one else unless the Indian digger comes in. Do you good to meet a little company."

Her face took on that shadow that I'd noticed before. "Oh, no; I couldn't," she said.

"Why not? He's harmless."

"Please don't mind my not being clubby."

"I don't mind anything," I said. "Just to prove it, I'm going to shoot you full of questions."

"What kind of questions?" I could feel her tense up.

"Snoopy ones, of course. Nobody's got to look twice at you to see that you've been used to money. Plenty of it."

"There isn't plenty of it any more."

"Then what are you here for?"

She hesitated over that. Then she must have figured that I was friendly. She said, "I've got to live somewhere. My theory is that I'll keep this up as long as I can and then go down with the ship."

I liked the way she said it and the set of her chin and the look in her eye that said she wasn't asking odds of hell or horseflesh.

"Maybe the ship won't go down."

I said, for an idea was fermenting in my brain.

"Maybe not," she said.

I tapped my garter and peeled off three ten-spots from the roll.

"The first month's rent."

"Just for wagon-space? It's too much."

"It's either worth that or nothing at all, my risk."

She took the money then. "All right, she said. "Thank you." She was coming unshrunk a little.

I gave the space the once-over. There was plenty to do once here before I could get going. First I went to the stockade and touched Prof. Loren Oliver for a brush hook. There's nothing like borrowing to start you on friendly footing with the neighbors.

Weeds and scrub grew waist-high. I was just working up a nice sweat when a jalopy rattled in and a young Greek got out. He was a big, square-shouldered, flat-backed blond-haired bird with nice friendly blue eyes and a Welliver football sweater. He stopped to read my display banner that was spread across some bushes to let the sun de-wrinkle it; then he came over to where I was slaughtering the vegetation.

"Hiya, Mom Baumer," he said.

"That's me," I said. "Pleased to meetcha. Big-and-Handsome."

"The same to you," he said. "How about a spot of breakfast?"

He yawned a facetious of the whitest teeth anybody would want.

"Breakfast?" I said. "It's two o'clock, p. m."

"I'll be breakfast for me. I could eat a horse."

"Just out of horsefeed. Eggs. Ham or bacon. Griddle cakes. Coffee and toast."

"Right. That's my order," he said. In the grubwagon he sat at the table and chatted, very sociable, about the chances of next fall's team, until the order came.

"Your night on the tiles hasn't spoiled your appetite, Big Boy," I said.

"Tiles, your eye!" he came back at me. "I've been good prospecting." "And this is the Hotel Ritz," I said.

"No! I mean it. Haven't you heard? It's headlined in the papers. They've struck gold again. Back in the Colony Hills."

Well, I'd heard about some old mines there. But they'd quit working them before the Civil War.

"Find anything?" I asked.

"Not a sparkle. I've got no luck anyhow." And he smiled like a cherub on a pink cloud.

"You ought to be able to roll your own luck with the face and shanks," I told him.

"Thanks," he said, finishing the last six cakes. "How about putting this on the hook, Mom? I'm Angel Todd."

So this was the Great Todd. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, as they used to say in Montana, rules are rules.

"Angel or devil, there's no tick here," I said. "That'll be sixty five cents, please."

He smiled his cash-bucket, spreading out two quarters, three dimes, a nickel and seven pennies.

"How much gas could I buy for twenty-seven cents?" he asked. "The old boat's about dry."

WELL, I went soft. I told him to put his money back. And then, while he was promising that he'd be over to settle soon, his face let up like a parade. I took a look

at him. He looked like he didn't believe her. "Don't you ever read the sporting pages?" he said.

"Not the local ones."

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#### Angel Gets a Chill



"Hiya, Toots," Angel called.

Jane Ann came over to the wagon steps and looked at him and didn't say a word. Only her eyebrows went up.

outside, and there was Miss Jane Ann Judson, coming up from the riverbank. She was something to look at in her neat jodhpurs and boots and leather jacket, with her ruddy hair fuffed out around her face and her eyes clear and steady and deep-brown.

"What's that?" Angel Todd said. "My niece," I said, looking him in the eye. "Any niece of yours is a niece of mine, Mom," he said. "Hiya, Toots," he called.

She came over to the wagon steps and looked at him and then at me and she didn't say a word. Only her eyebrows went up.

Angel Todd got red in the face. He snapped to his feet like a buck private coming to attention.

"My even," he said. "Mrs. Baumer, what about it?"

"All right," I said. "Meet Miss Jane Ann Judson. This is Angel Todd. That name mean anything to you?"

"I'm afraid it doesn't," she said. "Should it?"

He looked like he didn't believe her. "Don't you ever read the sporting pages?" he said.

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"Nothing special," she said. "Nothing at all, I guess."

"You've got to admit he's got something," I said. "Don't you get it at all?"

"You see," she said kind of tired. "I've seen him before."

"What goes on here?" I said. "You know the bird?"

"Not him exactly," she said, "but the type. Travelling on their manly charm. It isn't good enough. First thing you know the charm goes out like a light and you bump against things in the dark. Oh, well! It isn't fatal. Only, you lose your taste for it."

"When I was your age," I said, "a lad like Angel Todd would have been a big thrill for me."

She stared right past me like she was looking a long way off. "Perhaps I'm not wired for thrills," she said.

I know plenty girls are that way. I'd never believe it of her, though. Not with those faintly shadowed eyes and the full, warm, generous lips.

I didn't say anything. But I wondered what had happened to her.

NEXT morning I was up early for the truck trade. Truckies are the pick of the road. Hearty eaters and no kick on a fair price for a good article. Treat 'em right and they'll spread the glad tidings. Once they put the road-radio to work for you, you're set. A tourist is a tourist; here today and gone tomorrow. But the truckies have got routes. They come back.

Six lots had been fed by seven o'clock and I was liding up after them when Jane Ann Judson stroled in. She took a gander at my three-colored banner that I'd strung across the right-of-way between a red gum and a cottonwood, and then cocked an ear at the ground like a robin listening for a worm.

"What's the idea?" I said.

"Can't you hear the Mauries turning in their graves?"

"The exercise will do 'em good. How do you like my advertising display yourself?"

"Matter of taste," she said.

"Matter of business," I told her. "It pulls. This is going to be a Busy Corner."

"Do you really like doing it?" she asked. There was a kind of wistfulness in the way she spoke, like she wished she had something to do that she liked.

"It's my line," I said. "Show me any other as good. Take sandwiches, for instance. You smear a cent's worth of bread with a dash of butter, slip in a two-cent slab of meat, a lettuce leaf and a pickle, and what have you got? A barbecue sandwich that you can sell for two bits, twenty-five cents, the quarter part of anybody's dollar. That's business. That's trade. That's progress, private enterprise, and the profit system rolled in one package. That's what's made America what she is today and don't let anybody tell you different. Of course, you got to have a knack for cooking. Now, I love to cook. The clean-up part I won't say so much for. If I never saw another dirty dish in my life I could still get along."

She kind of laughed. "You wouldn't need a helper, would you?"

(To Be Continued)

"Oh!" she said. "Sorry." As an apology it was very cold-shoulder.

"Look, there's a basketball game Saturday. I'm playing. If I sent a couple of tickets, would you be interested?"

"Mom might. I wouldn't, thank you," Jane Ann answered him. I'm on my way to the village," she said to me.

"Well, look," he said. "You don't have to go this second, do you? Look, now, there's a Rogers' game next week. You know, CH Rho Gamma. What about that, girlies—I mean, Miss Judson?"

"This found no market either. Jane Ann asked me if there was anything I wanted from town and went away. "What's the matter with her?" he said. "Or is it me?" You could see he wasn't used to missing out like that.

"Oh, you're all right, I guess," I said. "But Jane Ann Judson is nobody's yes-girl."

Well, he stood around for awhile but having nothing further to say except goodbye, he said it and was on his way in his old tin can.

"You sure handed him the ice-

tray." I told Jane Ann when she got back. "What's wrong with him?"

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"You see," she said kind of tired. "I've seen him before."

"What goes on here?" I said. "You know the bird?"

"Not him exactly," she said, "but the type. Travelling on their manly charm. It isn't good enough. First thing you know the charm goes out like a light and you bump against things in the dark. Oh, well! It isn't fatal. Only, you lose your taste for it."

"When I was your age," I said, "a lad like Angel Todd would have been a big thrill for me."

She stared right past me like she was looking a long way off. "Perhaps I'm not wired for thrills," she said.

I know plenty girls are that way. I'd never believe it of her, though. Not with those faintly shadowed eyes and the full, warm, generous lips.

I didn't say anything. But I wondered what had happened to her.

NEXT morning I was up early for the truck trade. Truckies are the pick of the road. Hearty eaters and no kick on a fair price for a good article. Treat 'em right and they'll spread the glad tidings. Once they put the road-radio to work for you, you're set. A tourist is a tourist; here today and gone tomorrow. But the truckies have got routes. They come back.

Six lots had been fed by seven o'clock and I was liding up after them when Jane Ann Judson stroled in. She took a gander at my three-colored banner that I'd strung across the right-of-way between a red gum and a cottonwood, and then cocked an ear at the ground like a robin listening for a worm.

"What's the idea?" I said.

"Can't you hear the Mauries turning in their graves?"

"The exercise will do 'em good. How do you like my advertising display yourself?"

"Matter of taste," she said.

"Matter of business," I told her. "It pulls. This is going to be a Busy Corner."

"Do you really like doing it?" she asked. There was a kind of wistfulness in the way she spoke, like she wished she had something to do that she liked.

"It's my line," I said. "Show me any other as good. Take sandwiches, for instance. You smear a cent's worth of bread with a dash of butter, slip in a two-cent slab of meat, a lettuce leaf and a pickle, and what have you got? A barbecue sandwich that you can sell for two bits, twenty-five cents, the quarter part of anybody's dollar. That's business. That's trade. That's progress, private enterprise, and the profit system rolled in one package. That's what's made America what she is today and don't let anybody tell you different. Of course, you got to have a knack for cooking. Now, I love to cook. The clean-up part I won't say so much for. If I never saw another dirty dish in my life I could still get along."

She kind of laughed. "You wouldn't need a helper, would you?"

(To Be Continued)

"Oh!" she said. "Sorry." As an apology it was very cold-shoulder.

"Look, there's a basketball game Saturday. I'm playing. If I sent a couple of tickets, would you be interested?"

"Mom might. I wouldn't, thank you," Jane Ann answered him. I'm on my way to the village," she said to me.

"Well, look," he said. "You don't have to go this second, do you? Look, now, there's a Rogers' game next week. You know, CH Rho Gamma. What about that, girlies—I mean, Miss Judson?"

"This found no market either. Jane Ann asked me if there was anything I wanted from town and went away. "What's the matter with her?" he said. "Or is it me?" You could see he wasn't used to missing out like that.

"Oh, you're all right, I guess," I said. "But Jane Ann Judson is nobody's yes-girl."

Well, he stood around for awhile but having nothing further to say except goodbye, he said it and was on his way in his old